

A
S K E T C H
OF THE LIFE OF
MRS. LYMAN TRUMBULL,

TOGETHER WITH
Notices of her Death, and the Services at her Funeral,

INCLUDING AN
ADDRESS,

BY
REV. FREDERICK HOWARD WINES,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,

AT
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

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1868.

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

JULIA MARIA JAYNE, the eldest child of Dr. Gershom and Sibyl Jayne, who were among the first settlers of Springfield, Ill., was born at that place, June 3, 1824. She was educated at Monticello Seminary, one of the best and most flourishing female seminaries in the country. June 21, 1843, at the age of nineteen, she was married to Lyman Trumbull, who then resided at Belleville, Ill. In 1846, on a profession of faith, she united with the 1st Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ill., and afterwards, by letter, with churches of the same denomination at Belleville and Alton, where she at different periods resided. Her views of redeeming grace and the future life were fixed and remarkably clear. She entertained no more doubt of a future life of blessedness for those who put their trust in Jesus, than she did of the rising of the morrow's sun. Wherever she was, she was always active in promoting the interests of the church, and advancing the cause of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

She was the mother of six children, all boys, three of whom, the first, third and fifth, preceded her to the other world, leaving three surviving, of the respective ages of twenty-two, seventeen and six, the two younger of whom were with her at the time of her decease. Her efforts to train up her children in the Christian faith were unceas-

ing. At the time of her death, the family were house-keeping in Washington City.

She was first taken ill in December, when she was confined to her room some ten days. She was afterwards able to be about for several months, but never well. June 11th, under the advice of a physician, she confined herself to her room, but it was not till the middle of July, that she became so feeble as to be compelled to keep her bed. Her illness, though protracted, was attended with little pain, and she remarked only a few days before her death, that it was wonderful with how little suffering she had been brought so near death's door. She retained her consciousness till almost the last moment. When, in answer to her inquiry, she was informed, the day before her death, by her attending physician, that she could not probably survive beyond another morning, she was not in the least discomposed by the announcement, but during the afternoon directed what disposition should be made of some of her effects, not forgetting a faithful domestic who had been very kind during her illness. She also called the two younger children who were at home to her bedside, and expressed to the older the hope that he and his absent brother would become Christian men. To her little six-year-old boy, she said, "Try to be like Jesus." An hour and twenty minutes before her death she said to her husband: "My dear, I believe I am going,—I did not expect it, but Jesus is a better friend than any other." Twenty minutes later the death struggle began, and she was in great distress, asking to be lifted up, to be turned in bed, and to have something done for her, when her mother said to her: "My child, don't you know you are dying? We have done for you all we can. You are now in the hands of the Lord, who has promised to go with you through the dark valley, if you only trust in him. Don't you trust in him?" She

assented, and from that moment became perfectly calm. The only words she afterwards uttered, were, "Blessed Father, come." She expired at eight o'clock and twenty minutes, Sunday morning, August 16, 1868, by simply ceasing to breathe, without a struggle or the slightest movement of any kind. Thus passed away a true wife, a devoted mother, a sincere Christian, a noble woman.

The funeral at Springfield, took place August 20th, from the house of her brother, Dr. William Jayne. The funeral exercises were commenced by singing the 619th hymn, commencing, "Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims," which was followed by the reading of the 21st chapter of Revelations, by Rev. Dr. BROWN, who also made an earnest prayer. The 395th hymn, commencing, "Your harps, ye trembling saints," was then sung, after which the Rev. FREDERICK H. WINES, Pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church, at Springfield, delivered the following discourse.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

MRS. LYMAN TRUMBULL,

AUGUST 20, 1868,

BY FREDERICK HOWARD WINES.

"Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me, where I am." JOHN 17:24.

IN the presence of death, we feel that we are in the presence of God. We may say, with Jacob at Bethel, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

"The gate of heaven;" call death by this name, and at once you rob it of its sting. It matters nothing, that it is a gate so narrow that the soul, in passing through it, must needs leave the body behind. To part with the suffering, perishable clay, which in life was felt to be a burden and a fetter, is a cheap price to pay for that ravishing delight, with which the ransomed spirit surveys, for the first time, the vision of beauty and of glory spread out before it, when it has passed through the gate and is admitted into Paradise.

I cannot doubt, nor do you, that to her whose remains to-day we bury, death was indeed the gate of heaven. Except her immediate relatives, no one perhaps knew better than I, the inward religious experience of her heart. I do not stand upon this sad and solemn spot for the first time to-day. We all remember when, little more than a year ago, we assembled here to bury her father, who died in my arms, and I spoke at his funeral. An inmate of the family, then, I was necessarily brought into close contact with Mrs. Trumbull, at a time when she felt the natural impulse of a fresh grief, to unbosom itself to every sympathizing

friend, capable of pointing a sufferer to the only true source of consolation, in Christ. Of her early life, especially her early religious history—her birth in 1824, her marriage in 1843, her admission to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in 1846, Dr. BERGEN, her first pastor, will speak. I will only say that her conversation, at the time of her sore bereavement, revealed an unusually intense conviction of the infinite love of God, an equally strong realization of the immortality of the soul, an unhesitating faith in the efficacy of prayer, and a childlike submission to the will of her heavenly Father; four distinct marks of the work of the Holy Ghost within her. She trusted in Christ as her Saviour, and felt that God, in giving his Son to die for our sins, proved Himself incapable of injustice or unkindness toward us, however great may be the trials through which He calls us to pass. You know how the Christian love in her heart manifested itself in works of active benevolence. Possessed of an unusually vigorous intellect, decided in all her convictions, and always able to give an intelligent reason for cherishing them, she was fitted to adorn and did adorn society; but found her chief happiness in domestic cares and the free intercourse of the family circle. There the loveliness and sincerity of her character shone forth with mild effulgence. Yet she was not so selfishly attached to her home, that she could not leave it cheerfully, when any deed of charity demanded her attention. She was President, and the leading active spirit of the National Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, in Washington. The officers, the children, the lady directors, of that noble institution, will miss her wise counsel, her loving sympathy and energetic aid. And this, though it was her principal, was very far from being her only daily Christian work.

You who were not privileged to be with her in her last hours, will wish to know some of the more interesting incidents of her illness and death. The disease of which she died took firm hold of her constitution, last December. For eight months she was an invalid, the victim of a lingering but not a painful malady. The last two months of her life were spent in bed. During all this time she evinced the utmost patience, fortitude and courage. To the very last she expected to recover. When, three days before her death, the physician in attendance informed her that her complaint was fatal, she received the intelligence with perfect composure, and replied, "I am in the hands of the Lord. He

knows what is best. He always does what is best." Her mother asked her if she had any message for her sons. Her answer was, "Walter and Perry know what is right: I cannot say any more to them than I have said." She died upon the morning of the Sabbath, the day when Christ arose from the dead. Very early that morning she exclaimed, "I am going. I feel that I am going." Her sister said to her, "Yes, sister, going home to dwell forever with the Saviour." She sweetly whispered, "Yes, darling." To the very last she retained her consciousness and her mental faculties. Her physician, who remained with her in the house, for a month before her death, and became deeply attached to her, and who is present as a mourner to-day, said to me that he had seen many deathbeds, but none like this, so perfectly tranquil. It made him think of the familiar stanza,

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Or of the lines by Bryant.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an *unfaltering trust*, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and *lies down to pleasant dreams*.

Her last words were, "Blessed Father! come!"

The children of the Orphan Asylum, wearing the badge of mourning, followed her to the car which received and bore her precious dust home for burial, to be laid in the grave precisely one year from the day when, sad but hopeful, she last left this house for the national capital. What sad reminiscences of her last journey home does this coming home bring to mind! Then she came to imprint the last kiss upon her father's brow, and found him in his coffin. To-day she lies in her own coffin, clad for the tomb. The flowers which rest above her, have no beauty or perfume for her, nor can they illume the gloom of our own hearts.

Yet we must not yield to gloom. Grief will have its way. The heart will ache. Tears will force themselves to the eyes. And God hears the groans in spirit, which are too sternly governed, to break the solemn silence of this assembly. But let us, if we can, forget that she is dead, and think of her as among the angels in heaven.

And where is heaven?

All that we know of heaven, we know from the Word of God. We know but little, at best. We cannot tell how far the descriptions of heaven by the inspired penmen are literal and how far they are figurative. Yet when we put together the hints as to the nature of the coming glory, scattered through the Bible, and compare Scripture with Scripture, an image of delight is formed in our minds, which must correspond to the reality, at least as a shadow corresponds in size and outline to the body by which it is cast.

HEAVEN IS A PLACE. "Father!" prays our Lord in the text, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me, *where I am.*" The saints are somewhere. They are not on earth. They do not fill immensity. Where they are, where the risen Redeemer is, there is heaven. Where heaven is, in space, we cannot tell. Secret things belong unto the Lord our God. But it is as truly a place, as this room is a place. Our departed sister's body is here. Her immortal soul is there; retaining, after death, its individual existence and (if I may say so) its constitutional characteristics those mental traits peculiar to herself, which so endeared her to her friends upon earth. The Bible lends no sanction to the notion, taught by a false and unchristian philosophy, that as the drops of rain lose themselves in the mighty ocean, so, after death, are the individual spirits of men merged in the one infinite spirit, which pervades the universe.

Whether the descriptions of heaven in the Bible are to be taken literally, is an altogether different question. Is heaven a city? is it four-square? has it precisely twelve gates, three on each side? and twelve foundations, each of a separate precious stone? and does the tree of life in the midst of it bear a fresh variety of fruit every month in the year? These statements are no more literal than that other statement, that heaven has precisely one hundred and forty-four thousand inhabitants. They were not meant to be understood literally, when they were written. The jasper walls,

resting upon a foundation of priceless jewels, the golden streets the gates of pearl, the throne of God and of the Lamb in the midst of the city, the stream of crystal, life-giving water, forever springing up from the foot of the throne and flowing through the streets in a perpetual tide, the over-arching trees of life skirting its banks on either side, are the symbols, in earthly language, of spiritual blessedness, which all human speech, however gorgeous the imagery employed, is powerless to express.

But souls, as well as bodies, possess the attribute of locality ; and we are not authorized to deny that heaven is a place, because we understand the last two chapters of the Apocalypse in a spiritual sense.

Nor can we affirm that there are, in heaven, no physical delights, adapted to the gratification of the celestial bodies, with which, according to God's holy Word, the dead who die in Christ, are, at the resurrection, to be endowed. Upon this subject, let us avoid unhallowed and unprofitable speculation.

Wherever and whatever heaven may be, it is a place of PERFECT HAPPINESS.

To conceive of the happiness of heaven, we must consider, what are the elements of true spiritual happiness in the present life ?

What is it that disturbs your own peace ? Is it pain of body or of mind ? is it religious doubt ? is it poverty ? is it unsatisfied ambition ? is it domestic care ? is it business perplexity ? is it separation from loved friends ? is it the pressure of disgrace ? is it sin in others ? Or is it no present difficulty, but the recollection of one which is past, or the apprehension of one to come ? In heaven there exist no such causes of mental disturbance. Thank God ! there is NO night, there !

No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

There, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. Freedom from suffering, coupled with the certainty that to all eternity no suffering can enter heaven, is itself an unspeakable mercy, and one which, did it stand alone, ought to reconcile us to death.

But *blessed* are the dead that die in the Lord. "In thy pres-

ence," sings the Psalmist, "is fullness of joy; at thy right hand, there are pleasures forevermore."

One of the greatest of these pleasures, in anticipation, is reunion with departed friends. In heaven, the mother shall again clasp her babe to her bosom; the child pillow its head once more upon a parent's heart; brother embrace brother; sister, sister; and husband and wife renew the fond, familiar intercourse of former years. Such reunion awaits us: she whose loss to-day we mourn, has already experienced it. There are some who hear me, who stand before us like withered trees, (leafless at the top, ready to fall with a crash at the feet of their younger, greener companions in the forest), who have more friends on the other side of the river, than upon this. How gladly would they be there, rather than here! Dear friends, I do not doubt that we shall recognize one another in heaven. Why should we doubt it?

But the chief joy of heaven will be the sight of Jesus, our dear Lord and Saviour. "*Where I am*, there shall also my servant be." To behold the pierced hands and feet, to thrust our hand into the wound made by the spear which pierced his side, will make us realize the infinite degree of his love, as we have never yet realized it. It will awaken in our hearts a far deeper love for Christ than any which we have hitherto experienced. To see the crown of thorns exchanged for a crown of glory—how will it ravish our hearts! Oh for the time, when we too may fall at Christ's feet, and cast our crowns before him, and rising, join in the song of praise which ascends from ten thousand times ten thousand joyful tongues, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." We shall behold the King in his beauty: and we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.

One more thought, and I have done. Heaven is a place of PERFECT HOLINESS.

I scarcely know whether this thought is more delightful or more terrible.

To be admitted into the society of spirits of spotless purity, is a glorious privilege: but how can we, who are stained with sin, enter heaven? To all who reject Christ the Saviour declares, "*Where I am, thither ye cannot come.*" There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.

"There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Who, then, can be saved?

We enter heaven, not by virtue of our own righteousness, but on account of the righteousness of Christ our Redeemer. This is the gospel of Christ. No other gospel can ever reach and console and elevate a world sunk in sin and conscious of its degradation. This was the gospel which Mrs. Trumbull believed, and her faith in it gave her strength to triumph over death. We are saved, not for our sake, but for Christ's sake. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. He died for our sins, and in dying, redeemed us from everlasting death. Our sins, however numerous or aggravated they may be, are no barrier to our salvation, if we accept and trust in Christ as our Saviour. For Christ's sake, God pardons our transgressions.

But salvation includes more than mere deliverance from condemnation. It involves freedom from pollution. Without *holiness*, no man shall see the Lord.

The holiness of heaven constitutes one of its chief glories. On earth, the most devoted follower of Christ is conscious of inward conflicts, of whose intensity the world does not dream. Often he is compelled to cry out, with Paul, Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? But in heaven we shall be no longer exposed to temptation, from within or from without. The tears shed over our shortcomings and failures in duty will be forever dried. Doubts will no more distress us. Perfect love will cast out fear. We shall be pure, as Christ himself is pure.

Into this state of absolute happiness and perfect purity the soul which animated this tabernacle of flesh has been admitted. Why should we weep for her? We cannot. We do not. If we weep, it is that we are left behind.

The vital power of Christianity consists not so much in the strength and fullness of the historical evidence of its truth, as in the purity of its precepts and in the abundance of its consolations. At the bedside of the sick and of the dying, at the mouth of the grave, infidelity is abashed and powerless; false religions afford no comfort; the dying and the bereaved alike feel their need of a living, loving Christ.

In one short hour, the last shovelful of earth will be heaped

upon this prostrate, unconscious body: will our sister have ceased to exist? I ask you, her mother. I ask you, her sister. I ask you, her two brothers. I ask you, her sons, now orphans. I ask you, her widowed husband. I ask all who hear me, who have ever lost a friend by death. Is the dutiful daughter, the sympathizing sister, the affectionate and devoted mother, the faithful wife, DEAD? Her body is dead: but was there in her no immortal principle which still survives? no soul, redeemed by the blood of Christ, renewed by the power of God's Spirit, and now, blessed be God! with the ransomed above? Will materialism satisfy the loving instincts of the heart at such an hour as this?

No! when those whom we love die, the fogs of metaphysical doubt are dissipated. The invisible world is no longer invisible. We awake from our dreams. God draws near. We hear his voice, Be ye also ready! Prepare to meet thy God!

For we must remember that if we accept the Bible doctrine of eternal life, we are compelled to accept, together with it, the Bible doctrine of perdition. If our friends are taken to heaven, and through our tears we smile to think of their joy, we must not forget that they attained everlasting life, not by any merit of their own, but by the grace of God offered them in Christ and by them freely accepted. If we would rejoin them, we must exercise the same simple faith, we must possess the same sincere love, we must enter upon the same self-denying service of him who died, that we might live.

The Rev. Dr. BERGEN followed with some touching remarks concerning the early life and character of the deceased, when the exercises were concluded by singing the 622nd hymn, commencing, "Why do we mourn departed friends." The body was borne to Oak Ridge Cemetery, followed by a large procession, and deposited by the side of those of the three children who had gone before.

The following are some of the notices of Mrs. Trumbull's death, published in different papers of the country, showing the estimation in which she was held by the public.

Appended, is also a copy of one of many letters of condolence received by Senator Trumbull.

DEATH OF MRS. SENATOR TRUMBULL.—To the readers of the *Star*, who have been apprised through our columns from time to time of the critical condition of this estimable lady, the announcement of her death will occasion no surprise. She died yesterday morning at 8:20 o'clock at her husband's residence, on 1st street, between East Capitol and North B streets, Capitol Hill. Her piety and amiable character endeared her to a large circle of relatives and friends, and by them her death will be mourned, no less than by a large class of humble and indigent persons, to whom, by her unceasing and active charitable efforts, she had become known as a ministering angel for the relief of want and alleviation of suffering.

She was President of the National Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, and by her persevering efforts in the behalf of the orphans and other needy ones, did a vast amount of good. Almost her last absence from home was the occasion of a visit to Arlington Heights, on the 30th of May, when she assisted in the good work of strewn the graves of our deceased soldiers with garlands of evergreens and flowers. She died at the age of forty-four, and the

grief of her husband, children, and immediate friends, is truly heart-rendering. In her last illness, Mrs. Trumbull was attended by Prof. Smith, of Baltimore, and Drs. Baxter, Lincoln, Hall, and Hood, of this city, the last named remaining with her most of the time.

The remains of Mrs. Senator Trumbull will be taken to Springfield, Ill., this afternoon, and will be accompanied by Senator Trumbull and his two sons, Mrs. Trumbull's mother, and sister, and Dr. Hood, her family physician. One of her sons is absent in Montana. A special car has been chartered for the occasion, which will take the family and body home without change of car. At five o'clock this afternoon brief religious exercises will take place at the residence on Capitol Hill, under the direction of the Rev. John Chester, pastor of the Capitol Hill Presbyterian Church, preparatory to the transmission of the remains to the depot.—*Evening Star, Washington, Aug. 17, 1868.*

DEATH OF MRS. SENATOR TRUMBULL.—Mrs. Senator Trumbull died yesterday morning at the residence of her husband, on Capitol Hill, after a long illness. The death of this estimable lady causes profound sorrow in the circle in which she moved, and also among the large number who were the recipients of her generous charities.—*Washington Chronicle.*

THE many friends of Mrs. Senator Trumbull—a true and noble character—will be filled with sorrow to learn of her death. It has been known to the public for some time past that she was seriously ill, but we had seen no statement which led us to expect a fatal result. Fine in her appearance, pleasing in her demeanor, kind in her disposition, she was a beautiful specimen of a wife and mother—of a lady and woman. All good hearts will sympathize with her husband in his bereavement.—*New York Independent.*

IN MEMORIAM—MRS. SENATOR TRUMBULL.—Our entire community deeply sympathizes with Hon. Lyman Trumbull in the sad and heart-breaking bereavement which he has sustained in the death of his beloved wife. The loss to him is utterly irreparable.

Mrs. Julia Jayne Trumbull was the oldest child of the late Dr.

Gershom Jayne, of this city. She was born in Springfield, on the 3rd day of June, 1824; was raised here and educated at Monticello, Madison county, Illinois; and was married to Hon. Lyman Trumbull in June, 1843.

Few women were Mrs. Trumbull's equals in all those traits of character which make the accomplished lady and beloved Christian wife and mother. In this community where her eyes first saw the light, her youthful beauty, brilliancy of intellect, and early dedication to the works of Christian charity and the service of her Divine Master, will never be forgotten.

In Washington, where she has lived most of the time for the last thirteen years, her life was given to works of piety and benevolence. During the war, and since its close, she was pre-eminent in her devotion to the relief of the wounded, sick and dying soldiers, and widows and their orphans. Her unobtrusive manners, heroic devotion to the interests of the church, her country and humanity, will long be remembered in Washington. Farewell, sainted wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend!

“Weep not for her,—in her noontime she flew
To the land where the wings of the soul are unfurled;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.”

We understand that Mrs. Trumbull's remains will be brought to this city for interment, of which due notice will be given.—*Ill. State Journal*.

DEATH OF MRS. TRUMBULL.—We are pained to learn the death of Mrs. Trumbull. She was a daughter of Dr. Gershom Jayne, lately deceased, of our city. Her illness has been a long one, sometimes exciting hope by its fluctuations, but finally terminating in her death. She was universally beloved; her gentleness of manner, broad charities, and Christian virtues, are testified to by all the old residents of our city. In her loss her husband is bereft of a faithful and loving wife, her children of a pure guardian and affectionate mother, and society of one of its brightest and most useful ornaments. The last few years of her life she has been in Washington. Mrs. Trumbull leaves besides her family a large circle of friends who sincerely mourn her untimely loss.—*Illinois State Register*.

DEATH OF MRS. SENATOR TRUMBULL.—In the death of Mrs. Senator Trumbull the community has lost one of the noblest women of our day and generation, and the national capital one of its chief social embellishments. Her remains will be brought to Springfield, Ill., the home of her childhood, for interment.

Mrs. Trumbull was the daughter of Dr. Gershom Jayne, of Springfield, and sister of Dr. William Jayne, of the same city, who filled the office of Governor of Dakota during Mr. Lincoln's first Presidency. Though her early years were passed in the transitional society of a Western town, she was carefully educated, and she had the advantage of being on terms of friendship with nearly all the distinguished men whom Illinois has sent to the public councils. There is probably no lady whose decease will be more widely or painfully felt throughout the State, or indeed the nation. As wife, mother, and friend, her life was altogether lovely. In giving her first affections to her family, she prepared herself to bestow the greater fragrance upon society, and the greater blessings upon the poor and needy who were within her reach. Both at home and in the national capital, where she resided a large portion of the time during the past fourteen years, she was foremost in the silent charities which women alone can make effective. The mourners at her funeral will be not alone the distinguished company in which she and her bereaved companion and family moved, but the lowly and the feeble, the down-trodden and the outcast. To her husband and children, in their irreparable loss, the sympathies of the whole people will be spontaneously extended, and her memory will be affectionately cherished by all who enjoyed her friendship or came in the way of her sweet and kindly influence.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE *Chicago Post*, in an obituary of the deceased, says :

"This intelligence, though not unexpected, will be received wherever Mrs. Trumbull was known, with manifestations of profound grief. The beauty and simplicity of her character, her admirable qualities as daughter, wife, mother, and matron, made her the idol of her relatives and the envy of her friends. She was a true woman—one whose first duty was for the care and comfort of her own, but who had, among her multiform employments and social engagements, time for the practice of those virtues

of charity and helpfulness which so grace her sex. In her, the poor, the needy and the oppressed always found a wise adviser and a liberal friend. With an early education, far superior to that of most Illinois ladies of her day, she had, by careful and extensive reading, and by years of intimate association with statesmen and scholars, so enlarged and cultivated her powers of thought, and laid in so great a store of facts, that she had become one of the best informed and most capable women of the country; and as such her voice and her influence were for the progressive and the right."

DEATH OF MRS. SENATOR TRUMBULL.—A telegram received in this city by Walter Trumbull, Esq., announces the death of his mother, the wife of the Hon. Lyman Trumbull, U. S. Senator from Illinois, at Washington, on Sunday morning. This intelligence will be sad news, not only to Mrs. Trumbull's many personal friends, but to that large number who, never having had the pleasure of meeting her, are still acquainted with those noble qualities which were constantly exercised by her for the benefit of her race, and which made her one of the representative women of America. Possessed of fine accomplishments and a mind that based its thoughts upon other objects than the butterfly brilliancy of fashion, she won the respect of all who knew her, and proved herself worthy the high position that she held in society. In 1864 she was prominently connected with the Sanitary Fair at Chicago, and to her helping hand is many a sick and wounded soldier in no small degree indebted for the comforts and luxuries which were provided at his bedside. At the time of her death she was President of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, an institution for the education of those whom the rebellion made orphans by the murder of their fathers. Always a leader in every good work, she was in all respects a true woman, a title which in itself includes all the virtues and none of the vices of this world. During her whole life a firm believer in Christianity, she proved her faith by works of righteousness and love, and, at the last, "went trustingly to Jesus." Would that there were more with her virtue. Then would the frivolities of life be supplanted in the human mind by more worthy objects, and the world be better and more happy —*Montana Post.*

SENATOR TRUMBULL'S recent bereavement will secure him much heartfelt sympathy, in his great affliction, among the very wide circle in which Mrs. Trumbull was loved and honored. Her list of friends in this city was a large one. The lamented deceased was the daughter of Dr. Gershom Jayne, of Springfield, and was a native of this State. At the time of her decease she was forty-four years of age. It is only a few months since there was celebrated, most pleasantly, in this now broken household, the silver wedding on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the nuptials, which were joined in 1843, Judge Trumbull at that time residing in Belleville. Six children have been the fruit of this union, three of whom are buried at Springfield, to which resting place it is said the remains of the mother are to follow them. Of three loving sons, one is in Montana, the second in Yale College, the third, a young lad, at home. The graces of the wife and mother, and the irreparable loss from the blow that strikes them for ever from the sum of the happiness of the household she has blessed, are no themes for the public journal. No human tongue or pen can speak comfort in such a bereavement.—*Chicago Republican*.

MRS. TRUMBULL was a daughter of Dr. Jayne, of Springfield, Ill., and after her marriage with Senator Trumbull resided in Alton several years, where she was always esteemed. She was a lady of rare personal endowments, elegant accomplishments, and Christian graces. In every circle in which her exalted position placed her, she proved herself one of the foremost ladies of the age, in all the attributes of true womanhood. Her untimely death will be widely and sincerely lamented.—*Jacksonville (Ill.) Journal*.

FUNERAL OF MRS. SENATOR TRUMBULL.—The funeral of Mrs. Senator Trumbull took place yesterday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, from the residence of the Senator, on First street east, and was attended by a large number of sorrow-stricken relatives and friends. The services were conducted by Rev. John Chester, of the Capitol Hill Presbyterian Church; after which the remains were conveyed to the Baltimore depot, and left in a special car attached to the 8:45 train, for Springfield, Illinois, accompanied by Senator Trumbull and his two sons, Mrs. Trumbull's mother,

and Dr. Hood, the family physician. The car containing the remains and family will go through to Springfield.

The body was enclosed in a handsome coffin, covered with black cloth, and silver trimmings, and a massive silver plate bearing the name, date of birth and death of the deceased.

Mrs. Trumbull was but forty-four years of age, and her amiable character endeared her to a large circle of relatives and friends, and by them her death will be mourned, no less than by a large class of humble and indigent persons, to whom, by her unceasing and active charitable efforts, she had become known as a ministering angel for the relief of want and alleviation of suffering.

She was the president of the National Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, and by her persevering efforts in the behalf of the orphans and other needy ones, did a vast amount of good.

The funeral was attended by President Johnson, several members of the Cabinet, Senators and members, and fifty orphans from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home. One of the sons of the Senator is now absent in Montana.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

THE FUNERAL OF MRS. SENATOR TRUMBULL.—The funeral of this estimable lady took place yesterday, at 5 P. M., from her late residence, No. 394 First street east.

Her remains were placed in a magnificent rosewood coffin, overlaid with fine black cloth and velvet, which was plaited in neat folds, with eight massive silver tassels, and was lined with white satin, with frosted net-work, with a heavy fringe. The same was heavily silver-plated, with the following inscription tastefully inscribed on it: "Julia M. Trumbull, born June 3, 1824; died August 16, 1868." Harvey & Co. were the undertakers.

Rev. Dr. Chester, of the Capitol Hill Presbyterian Church, officiated. After reading the 15th chapter of Corinthians, he began by saying: It is fitting, even in these brief services, that mention should be made of that blessed hope which so richly comforted the heart and adorned the life of our departed friend.

He then spoke of her soul-sustaining trust in Jesus Christ. At an early age she had consecrated her life to His service. Gentle yet firm, generous yet wise, a fond and faithful wife; she presented a beautiful symmetry of character. Yet it was the grace of Jesus

Christ which formed these lineaments which seemed so beautiful to mortal eyes. He then referred to the little company of soldiers' and sailors' orphans who were present under the supervision of their matron, Mrs. Gilbert, who, he said, sorrowed over the loss of one who earnestly labored for their good. In reference to some touching scenes when she was drawing near death's door, he said, some one remarked to her, "Mrs. Trumbull, you are in the Lord's hands." "Yes," she replied, "and He knows best, and He does best." It was the trustful confidence of a child in her Heavenly Father.

Her last words were, "Blessed Father, come." And the eloquent speaker concluded by exhorting her relatives and friends to walk in her foot-prints.

Mrs. Gilbert, followed by the little orphans, then passed through the large parlor, and took a last look at the remains of their devoted friend and protector, which was certainly a very touching scene, as there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

The following are the names of a few of the most prominent persons present: President Johnson and Mrs. Patterson, Secretaries Seward, Randall, Browning, McCulloch, and Schofield, Gen. Eaton, Gen. Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture, and Mrs. Gen. O. O. Howard, with a host of friends.

A squad of the Capitol police, followed by the soldiers' and sailors' orphans, escorted the remains to the Baltimore depot, which were followed by Senator Trumbull, his son, and all the friends present.

On arriving at the depot, the orphans stood in open ranks, with uplifted hats, while the deceased was borne between them to a special car, which was in waiting to convey her to her former home, (Springfield, Illinois,) where they will be interred.

Previous to leaving the depot, the attendants passed through the car, and paid their last respects to the honored dead, and at 8:45 the train moved off, having in with the corpse the family, Dr. Hood, and T. R. Bower, of the Capitol police.—*Washington Republican*.

THE FUNERAL OF MRS. TRUMBULL.—The funeral of the wife of Senator Trumbull was attended yesterday afternoon by a very large number of our citizens. The services were commenced by Dr. Brown, who read an appropriate passage of Scripture, and implored the Divine blessing on the afflicted family. The Rev. Mr. Wines delivered the funeral sermon, and Rev. Dr. Bergen made a personal address. The body was followed to its last resting place, at Oak Ridge, by a large concourse of the intimate friends and acquaintances of the deceased.—*Ill. State Register*, Aug 21, 1868.

[BY A FRIEND.]

In the death of Mrs. Trumbull, taken away in the midst of her years and her usefulness, we are made to feel that the great procession of events in this life is moved upon principles so deep and broad, and to issues so mighty and remote, as to be far beyond the reach of human thought. Discharging with fidelity all the duties of life, a true and devoted wife, a tender and loving daughter and mother, and a most valuable member of society, why should she be taken and others left? The answer to this question can be found only beyond the veil, for to all mortal vision it has ever been, and still remains a mystery, and to all human faith a lasting trial.

Mrs. Trumbull was endowed with superior gifts of mind and heart, that through the discipline of life had developed into a character of great strength and loveliness. She possessed a cordial grace and pleasing dignity of person and manner, and a face whose fine features lighted up with a rare expression of intelligence and goodness. With an intellect of great clearness and vigor, her opinions and principles were the results of her own reflection and experience, which she held firmly, and maintained and defended with earnestness and power. She was of an open and generous nature, and though fastening with strong desire on the objects and ends she sought, and working for their attainment with unwearied and strenuous effort, her motives and purposes were always noble and good, and however dear to her pride or her ambition her plans might be, she could never stoop to do an unworthy thing for their accomplishment. From her position, mingling necessarily so much in the conflicts of party, and the heated struggles of political life, there was no stain nor blemish

ever left on her truthfulness. The love of her native land was with her an abiding passion, and during all the years of the rebellion she never faltered for a moment. Her loyalty and devotion to the Union, and her fast faith in the triumph of the cause of the country, only grew stronger and glowed more brightly, as the hope of some grew faint, and the faith of many began to fail.

She was sweet in temper, kind and tender in feeling, full of pity and sympathy, and one of the real pleasures, and the most cherished work of her life, was found in being the bearer of help and consolation to the needy and sorrowing she met in her own private walks, and also in devising and maintaining means and institutions of public charity and benevolence. Having large practical sense, and the best executive talent, and working in this labor of love with an ever-glowing zeal and enthusiasm, she accomplished large results, for which present and coming generations will bless her name. Her last important work of this kind, is the Home for soldiers' and sailors' orphans in Washington. This institution was largely her work, and she was its head and leading manager until health and strength failed. The presence of the President and Cabinet at the last gathering to testify their respect for her life and character, was not so impressive and touching a testimonial of her worth, as that borne by the company of orphan little ones, who, with their bright young faces, pressed in to take their last look at the face of one who had worked so well and done so much for them.

Mrs. Trumbull was from her youth a sincere and unwavering believer in the religion of Jesus Christ. It was this faith that moulded her character and guided her life. It was this that taught her the great truth of human brotherhood, and made her always the fearless and determined foe of oppression, and friend of freedom. Neither loud nor obtrusive in profession, her piety burned with a clear and steady flame that hallowed her daily life with its light and love. Never perplexed with refinements of doctrine, and though clear and decided in her own purposes, not caring overmuch for differences of sect and creed, she sought rather to clothe the naked, to feed the poor, to follow in the sacred footsteps of Him who went about doing good, and to trust in His grace and truth for her sanctification and immortal life. As this faith and hope were her light and joy in life, so were they her rod and staff as she descended into the dark valley; and when sinking beneath

the waters of the dark river, she was heard to murmur with the love and trust of a child, the last words,—“Blessed Father, come.”

Mrs. Trumbull bore the suffering which attended her failing strength and last sickness, with great and uncomplaining patience and resignation. She clung till the last tenaciously to the hope of recovery, but bowed submissively to the Supreme Will. She sank rapidly the last night, but her sufferings ended at its close.

“And when the Sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the Eastern skies,
 She passed through glory’s morning gate,
 And walked in Paradise.”

HARTFORD, CONN., August 23, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR :

Sympathizing with you sincerely as I do in your great bereavement, I have little fear that an expression of my personal interest in your sorrow will be deemed by you intrusive. Although “the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle;” although no human hand can remove the grief which rests down as a heavy pall on the afflicted soul when one’s very joy of life has been taken away, and he seems to stand not merely alone, but incomplete—not only bereft, but riven; yet we are all so constituted as to be in a measure mutually dependent, and being divinely enjoined to “comfort one another,” and to “bear one another’s burdens,” we have some sense of relief or support in the knowledge that others are mindful of our sore trials, and desire to speak soothing words to our wounded spirits. Even our blessed Saviour longed for companionship in his hour of agony in Gethsemane, and with his dying breath he called on the disciple whom he loved to minister in tenderest affection to the mother who was to mourn his loss.

It seems but so lately that I was with my young friend Camp at your hospitable home in pleasant conversation with your good wife—then in apparent fullness of life and health—that it is not easy for me to realize that she has already entered into the final rest of the redeemed. Yet to you, I know, these intervening weeks have been dreary and anxious, full of trial and soul heavi-